Lips Covered in Honey

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Lips Covered in Honey

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Summary

Will's grin is wide and wicked, eyes glinting mischievously. "You actually believe in vampires?"

*"I believe in **you, Will**."*

Notes

Day 14 of AU_Gust Prompts is: Vampires

Guys we freaking LOVE vampires and we love these boys in particular. Have some human Hannibal and vampire Will on this wonderful Friday!

See the end of the work for more notes

There is a mist that used to hang over the Bayou in the cold, early winter mornings, the creeping, blood-stained claws of dawn chasing it across brackish water.

Will used to look out at that mist and imagine walking into it. Disappearing.

He feels that way again for the first time in nearly one hundred years. Like he's slipping away, bits of him crumbling off and disappearing into the fog that seems to surround his mind most days.

He doesn't know many of his kind. Is this what it feels like to grow old? Is the eternal life he was promised when this curse was forced upon him simply this endless, lonely mire?

He shakes himself free of such melancholy and bites his finger, holding the bright-crimson wound over the cup of fresh chicory coffee he always makes for Hannibal when he comes by in the morning.

He knows Hannibal is aware; a keen sense of smell and well-honed flavor palate means he can probably taste it. Smell it, even under the cloying scent of honey and the sharp smell of the chicory. It's hardly as though Hannibal can complain when Will knows precisely what the cannibal puts in his body.

Is it really even manipulation if both parties are aware of what's going on? The blood won't turn Hannibal, it isn't enough for that. Not yet. But it *will* foster a bond between them, a dangerous sort of dependency that will give Hannibal pause before he decides to try and kill Will, and will make Will long for him like an ache in his chest.

In that respect, it's already more than proficient.

Will can't say what it is about the good doctor that instigates such a fierce sensation of *familiarity,* except that maybe Hannibal is the first predator he's met that can walk among the humans *as* one of them while simultaneously holding a station so far above the common swine it's laughable.

Despite having not consumed Hannibal's blood in turn, Will feels an abnormally strong connection to the psychiatrist. He knows when to brew the coffee so it will still be hot for his guest, when to enhance it with his own essence so it's as fresh as possible when Hannibal consumes it - any fresher and he'd have to open a vein and let Hannibal take it straight from the source.

The idea sends a pleasant shiver through Will, warmth twisting in his gut. He's only been settled into one of the two chairs on the porch for three minutes before the sleek, black Bentley pulls into view, dust churning in its wake like a shark slicing through the roiling ocean.

Hannibal is silent when he extricates himself from his car, when he settles into the chair next to Will - set apart at the appropriate distance of exactly one foot. Will's gaze slips to the sides of his eyes as he considers, not for the first time, investing in a swinging bench for his porch.

It would seat just as many as his two lonesome chairs do, and in a much more intimate configuration. He laments the as-yet unattainable heat of Hannibal's thigh pressed against his own and relishes instead in the contact stolen as he passes the doctor his mug of coffee.

"Good morning, Doctor," he initiates, tone thick and sweet as molasses and somehow still coy. Will has always been particularly good at social niceties, though the people he interacts with on a daily basis in this life have only ever seen his ornery side.

"Good morning, Will," Hannibal greets in kind, stretching limbs coiled too tightly and taking a sip of the proffered chicory brew. He doesn't bring the mug down to rest on the arm of the chair, but allows it to linger just beneath his nose, eyes slipping shut as he takes a slow, deep inhale of the rising steam. Salt and iron beneath the woody, bitter liquid. His eyes are sharp with amusement and intrigue when they pull open again, sliding in the direction of his companion. "No one makes a cup of coffee quite like you, Will."

"My nana would probably have disagreed. She could make a mean cup of coffee and her chicory was locally sourced; something I know you appreciate. It had a nutty sweetness, good enough to rot teeth." Will's smile shows too many teeth, but he's sure Hannibal doesn't mind.

Hannibal's eyes are the color of oxidized blood, and they flash with a glint of something dark and full of a self-satisfied mirth. "Your blood is the sweetest thing I've ever tasted, Will. I'm not sure even your grandmother's chicory could compare." Hannibal's gaze falls to Will's mouth, heavy-lidded and covetous with his arousal.

"That must be saying something, I imagine. With you being such a connoisseur and all when it comes to the topic." Will places his cup down on the little wooden table between their chairs, turning his body more fully to face Hannibal. "How long have you known?"

"That you were putting blood in my coffee or that you weren't human?" The words flow from Hannibal easy as anything, and Will feels a clench of arousal in his stomach at the bold honesty being laid out before them. He's so accustomed to the metaphor, to the long paths of speculation and suggestion that having such brash truth out on the table feels revolutionary.

The tension of the last several months suddenly snaps. The culmination of their desire, spread thin over too many conversations, and too many nights left without release clogs Will's throat like the thick pressure of hunger when he's gone too long without blood. He's on his feet and crossing the scant distance between them faster than the human eye can follow.

He crawls into Hannibal's lap, their combined weight rocking the chair into a dangerous tilt, his knees slotting along either side of Hannibal's thighs to press against the wooden arms. His fingers dig into the back of the chair, grip strong enough to make the wood groan and splinter.

"What exactly is it you think I am, *Ripper?"* Will's tone is both teasing and threatening, though he doesn't exactly mean for it to be either.

Hannibal isn't fazed by Will's inhuman speed, nor does he shy away from the low, dangerous undertone of Will's words. He doesn't even seem surprised Will knows exactly who - *what* -

he is. He simply reaches a hand between them to cup Will's jaw gently, drags the pad of his thumb reverently across Will's cheek as his fingers twine tenderly into the curls at the nape of his neck.

"A singular, extraordinary being," Hannibal murmurs. His gaze is reverent and astonished and desirous, and Will feels both heavy and light with the weight of it upon him.

"If I were to somehow account for your ethereal beauty, your reflexes, speed and strength; if I were to attempt to parse out exactly *how* you deduce the things you do - things no other detectives are able to glean - with mere *evidence,* as you claim you do, I would call it supernatural. Above all else, you've gone to great lengths to ensure that I ingest your blood, and I can think of no creature that might fit this profile other than a vampire."

Will's grin is wide and wicked, eyes glinting mischievously. "You actually believe in vampires?"

"I believe in *you,* Will," Hannibal's response is immediate, instinctive. His hands, large and warm, fall to Will's hips, straddling his own, his coffee cup abandoned somewhere Will doesn't care to concentrate on at the moment.

"Human blood tastes like salted metal. Like wet pennies left out in the sun too long. But your blood is sweet and decadent, like dark chocolate. A bitter undertone that only heightens the more favorable notes." Hannibal's hands pet along Will's hips and flanks as he speaks, pause when his voice does. He peers up at Will, face reserved and stoic save the chaotic *need* that burns in his sanguine eyes. "I'd very much like to partake in an even fresher taste. *Locally sourced,* as you say."

He smirks up at Will, and Will can't stop himself from darting down to crash their lips together, moaning and pressing closer still when his teeth, sharp and unguarded, split Hannibal's lip and he *finally* gets a taste of the Good Doctor. His blood is cloying, overripe cherries and the woodsy bitterness of the chicory blended perfectly with the salted iron, the honey Will uses to sweeten it all the sweeter when sucked from Hannibal's mouth. Hannibal's hands clutch tighter at Will, dig into his sides and back like claws, hard enough that Will knows if he were anything other than what he was he'd be sporting the purple imprints of the man's fingertips for days.

For a brief moment, Will begrudges his body's accelerated healing. But then Hannibal's tongue enters play, licks with incessant force into Will's mouth and slides warm and wet against Will's own, and Will is lost to frantic desire. Hands begin tearing at clothing - Hannibal's and Will's *both* - as the two share fervent, needful kisses between gasping for breath, even though Will hasn't *actually* needed to breathe for longer now than he ever did as a human. He rolls his hips down into Hannibal's, lamenting the lack of blood flow in his body when he finds himself unable to reciprocate the hard length trapped within Hannibal's own slacks.

"You should know," Will informs him between greedy kisses and gasps for useless air, "I'd be hard as a rock for you right now if I'd fed in the last three weeks."

“Take what you need, Will,” Hannibal urges, his accent thick with arousal and voice rolling on a demanding growl. “I’m yours.”

In a breath, Will is standing before him, jeans half-open, shirt nearly ripped off his frame, panting for breath and staring lustful daggers at the human seated before him. “Inside,” he insists, and is pleased when Hannibal doesn’t hesitate to obey his command.

They stumble to Will’s bed, mussing the sheets as Will nearly throws Hannibal onto the mattress, immediately straddling him again. Hannibal is kept down by Will’s weight and his strength, though he doesn’t even try to strain against Will’s hold.

“I want to taste you,” Hannibal snarls, and Will can’t be sure whether he means his blood or something altogether *other,* but a slow smirk spreads his lips and his fangs drop, cutting his lip as they slide out. Ruby-red droplets stain the front of Hannibal’s shirt, and Will growls low in his throat as he leans down to lap them from the fabric, smearing his own blood against his lips.

Hannibal’s hand finds Will’s hair, and he curls his fingers tight enough to strain, several hairs snapping at the root. Will hisses at the sensation, and Hannibal slams their lips together and licks the blood from Will’s mouth even as Will’s fangs slice against Hannibal’s delicate flesh.

“You can have me. Directly from the source.” Will winks and leans across Hannibal’s body, retrieving a knife from his bedside drawer. He doesn’t hesitate as he drags the blade across his chest where his shirt still hangs open, blood pooling to the surface immediately and flowing down his front in jagged rivulets, and Hannibal doesn’t hesitate to surge up, his torso and arms free to move as Will pins down Hannibal’s hips with his own. His fingers dig into Will’s flanks like claws, as though concerned Will might attempt to pull away from him before he can get his mouth to where it needs to be.

The exultant moan ripped from Hannibal’s throat as his tongue hastily follows the trail of blood across Will’s chest sends another intense pulse of frantic need through him. He forces himself to remain still but for threading his fingers into Hannibal’s soft locks, holding him close and encouraging the doctor to drink his fill. Will wars against the instinct to let his eyes slide shut as Hannibal worships him, too captivated by the sight of the normally controlled man lapping greedily at Will’s wound as it slowly closes itself, eventually sealing completely and barring the human from even one more drop.

Will gives an amused huff at Hannibal’s impatient growl and makes to open himself up for the doctor once more, though Hannibal beats him to the punch, rearing his face higher to the join of Will’s neck and shoulder and clamping his own considerably sharp teeth into Will’s flesh. Will moans in both shock and arousal, mind dizzy with the evidence of just how much Hannibal craves him. He allows his bedfellow to continue these ministrations for a few minutes, teeth worrying at Will’s skin in a slightly new spot each time the last has closed, and Will is positive he could never find more joy in this world than reveling in the feel of Hannibal’s teeth splitting into his skin again and again until the end of time.

When he finally pushes Hannibal away, presses him back down to the mattress and holds him still, Will is amused to find a slight pout on Hannibal’s blood-slick lips. His eyes are

somehow hazy with ecstasy and sharp with lust, and Will thinks he might like to stare into them forever. The idea of turning Hannibal - of turning *anyone* - had never really occurred to Will before. Until this moment, he'd never really fancied that there might be anyone out there he'd be interested in enough to try.

He tables the thought, for it's one to consider at length, when one isn't nearly out of their mind with bliss and desire. When he can ask Hannibal's opinion, because the last thing he'd ever want to do is force this cursed life onto another as it had been on him. See those warm, shining eyes turn cold with resentment.

"My turn," he purrs playfully, fangs flashing with his wide grin. Hannibal matches Will's smile, his crooked teeth painted red with Will's blood, and Will's heart soars as Hannibal tips his head to the side and bares his neck to him.

"Oh sweetheart, I was thinking about somewhere a little more *intimate,"* Will nips playfully at Hannibal's proffered skin, licking at the salt of his flesh before he slides down to his knees, hitting the floor hard enough to rattle the floorboards.

He drags Hannibal's pants and underwear down his thighs, can feel the muscles tense beneath the surface. He wonders at how many people Hannibal has killed, how many nights he's hunted to have such a lithe, strong body.

Will laps at the smooth, lightly haired skin of Hannibal's inner thigh, drags his teeth along the surface and then sinks his fangs into the innermost part of his thigh, sucking hard enough to pull blood to pool in his mouth. He swallows thickly, unwilling to waste even a drop as he drinks from Hannibal, smirking against Hannibal's skin as the man moans and writhes beneath Will's grip.

Hannibal's hand finds its grip again in Will's hair, holding him impossibly closer as Hannibal's muscles flex and his entire body shivers with sensation. Will pulls away just enough to kitten-lick at the blood leaking sluggishly from the wound, his mouth a crimson scar across his face as he flashes his teeth.

"Wanna taste you everywhere," Will growls, his grip going harsh enough to bruise. Hannibal makes no room to protest or to move and it soothes a little of the animal in Will that demands he hunt, and hold down, and *feed.*

"You may have me, Will. In whatever capacity you desire," Hannibal offers, and Will laughs at the sincerity he hears in those words. He thinks again of a lifetime spread out before them that they could enjoy together, and again puts it aside for more carnal pursuits in the present.

Will drags his lips feather-soft against Hannibal's body, teasing him until he reaches his cock where it's swollen and leaking at the tip, his foreskin drawn taut.

"Wonder who's the more dangerous predator to have at one's cock, a vampire or a cannibal?" Will taunts, eyes flashing as he takes in Hannibal's face. The open desire he finds there is incensing, and Will drops his teasing to wrap his lips around Hannibal, taking him to the back of his throat in one easy glide.

His lack of a gag reflex seems to be well received by Hannibal if the man's panting moans are anything to go by. Will loses himself in the taste and musk of Hannibal's flesh, teases his fangs gently along his foreskin and smiles when Hannibal trembles with his need. He sucks Hannibal down with a single-minded focus, spurred on by his partner's sweet whimpers and his own unquenchable thirst, insatiable for all things *Hannibal,* whether it be his company, his blood, his affection, or his release.

He can tell his lover is close; his quivering thighs go rigid where Will is nestled between them even as his lungs heave and jerk for a full breath. Will can smell his arousal, can taste the hint of it on his tongue already, the precursor to something *more,* and can't understand why Hannibal's hands have come to twine into Will's hair, pulling him away rather than closer. Why he's panting *no* and *wait* as he attempts to squirm away from Will's mouth.

It's not until he manages to add the words *together* and *please* that Will parses out what it is Hannibal desires. He pulls off of his hard length with a wet, sloppy sounding *pop,* raises his head to peer up at his lover. Hannibal tugs at Will again, this time urging him *up,* and Will is all too eager to close the distance between them and capture Hannibal's mouth in a desperately needy kiss once more.

Hannibal's hands go to work between them, pulling at his belt and fly with frantic efficiency. As soon as Will's cock is free, finally hot and solid with the fresh influx of blood in his system, Will takes over, shifting himself until their erections are pressed together and taking them both in hand.

Hannibal's cock is slick with Will's saliva, and both of them are leaking copiously with their arousal, so when Will's hand begins a purposeful, desperate rhythm, the way is eased enough for the slide to be comfortable. He leans down to lick into Hannibal's mouth once more, none too gentle with his fangs against Hannibal's lips, which only further causes sweet copper to bloom between them.

He's never felt so unhinged before, so close to losing control completely. He's never wanted to lose control so badly, just throw caution to the wind and let the chips fall where they may. He's tempted to, *sorely* tempted to, because even as little as he trusts his true nature, Will trusts that he would never *truly* hurt Hannibal. But even knowing what Hannibal is, Will can't be certain that he would still accept all of him; without judgement, without fear. So the first and only concession of control that Will makes - this first time, at least - is to his tongue.

"Knew you were something special. Amazing. Knew you understood," he pants between fervent kisses as the obscenely wet squelch of his fist pumping their cocks fills the space between them. "The only one, Hannibal. You're the only one. The only one that could *get it.* And I've wanted this, wanted you for so long. I want to see you splashed in crimson, wanna lick the blood of your victims from your skin. I wanna hunt with you - drain whatever pig you've selected and then watch you twist them into something beautiful."

"Yes," Hannibal moans between Will's gruesome declarations. "Will, *yes."*

"Want this. Want you. Forever -"

"Will -"

“Tell me you don’t want it, Hannibal. Tell me this is madness and blood-fueled lust and I’ll stop.” Will’s mouth brushes against Hannibal’s throat, his fangs gentle but firm where they touch his skin. He’ll turn him, *now, here,* if Hannibal lets him. He’s honestly not even sure he could stop at this point. Not after having a taste of the good doctor and his sweetly spiced blood. He still smells faintly of the chicory, and it only further fuels Will’s desire.

“Will -” Hannibal tries again, and Will interrupts him again, this time with a fierce kiss that immediately smears blood between them, bright and salted against torn flesh. Hannibal finally manages to pull away, and Will sees the blatant *want* in his eyes.

“Are you offering me what I think? Speak plainly, Will.” Will nearly bursts into laughter at that, their entire relationship built on subtext and metaphors and thinly veiled speech.

“I’ve never considered foisting this cursed existence onto anyone else, but I finally find you interesting, Doctor Lecter,” Will speaks his title like a purr, eyes flashing as he takes in Hannibal’s response.

Hannibal laughs, his entire body shaking beneath Will’s and then he groans when Will moves his hand along their shafts again, squeezing tighter. “I did warn you that you would, dear Will.” Hannibal leans forward to take Will’s mouth, licking at the blood staining his teeth and tongue with a fervor. If any person was born to be a beast such as Will it was Hannibal Lecter, and Will would gladly give him his due if he only ask.

Hannibal’s hand joins Will’s, gripping them in his fist near the head while Will continues to work further down. “Tell me,” Hannibal urges, his voice rough and low. “Say it, Will.”

“I offer you *forever,* Hannibal,” Will groans against blood-smeared lips, breath heavy and hot. “An eternal existence with me at your side. Your guide, your friend, your lover.” Will buries his face into the crook of Hannibal’s neck, breathing him deeply while forcing himself to resist the temptation of the chaotic pulsing of the man’s jugular. “I offer you *me,* if you’ll accept. Uninhibited, unrestrained. Yours until the sun burns out.”

The fingers that have threaded themselves into Will’s curls tighten their grip, turn harsh as they rip back Will’s head so they might gaze into each other’s eyes. Hannibal, stoic creature though he is, has never looked so serious or earnest as when he proclaims, “I accept. Tell me what to do.”

“Drink,” Will urges, baring his neck to his lover’s mouth. He could just as easily open a vein himself, but he longs to feel Hannibal claim him this way; knows the man *can* and *will.*

He moans at the feeling of Hannibal’s teeth breaking his skin once more, digging deeper and more fiercely than ever in an attempt to keep Will’s blood flowing, and Will only grows more aroused by his lover’s dedication.

Both of their hands move even more frantically, and when Will sinks his own fangs into Hannibal’s shoulder - a spot easily concealable for the turning mark that will forever brand his body as no other injury shall - both of them seize up and come together, moaning with their release even as they greedily lap at the blood of their partner.

Hannibal has an instinctive knowledge of what to do, even without Will instructing him. He continues to pierce Will's flesh and drinks deep the rich blood that flows forth just as long as Will continues to feed upon Hannibal. They only relent when their bodies have synced, each losing and receiving the same amount of life-giving blood. Now they are equally balanced; forever linked as half of Will flows through Hannibal and half of Hannibal resides in Will.

He's grateful that his own Maker relented before they were synced in such a way, concerned only with the prospect of obtaining progeny to carry on his bloodline rather than adopting a companion to stand by his side.

There is no force on this earth that can tempt Will into abandoning his own progeny in such a way. Hannibal isn't simply another fledging pulled into the ranks. He is Will's heart and soul - what remains of it, at least. He is hope and faith and friendship, the knowledge that Will needn't ever walk this earth alone again.

He is Hannibal, and he is *Will's*.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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'Til next time! 💚 💜 BellaRai

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